



VOL. VIII.

BUBBLES.

With bowl on lap, with cheeks distant,
The eager child the bubble blows;
From thinnest film to bulging pride
The iridescent vision grows.
Half free it sways, then swirls adrift
To float triumphant through the air;
How bravely all its beauty shows!
The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The lover pines—his mistress smiles;
Low words are breathed; a blush, a sigh,
A stealthy pressure of the hand,
The raising of a downcast eye.
The vows are said; the symbol ring
Gleams golden as the maiden's hair;
Two souls are shackled till they die—
The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

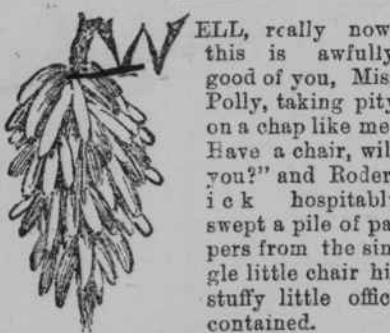
Hark to the trumpet's brassy notes!
What trophies does the warrior bring?
The banners wave—behold the chief!
In deafening peals the plaudits ring.
The soldier's hands have stolen the hours;
How soon the funeral torches flare!
The King is dead. Long live the King!
The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The school-boys' bands in patient toil,
Beneath the lonely midnight flame,
Dreaming that ere his course is run
Laborious hours shall purchase fame,
And, when the starveling soul is fled,
Dame Fortune do's a niggard share.
He leaves a bloodless, empty name—
The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The infant cries in pain of life;
The child rejoices with the sun;
The youth sees love on every hand;
The man deems life will begin.
Then, as he stands confronting fate,
He feels the eyesockets glare,
Till greybeard finds his days are done—
The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

—Tudor Jenks, in Truth.

THE NEWEST WOMAN.



ELL, really now, this is awfully good of you, Miss Polly, taking pity on a chap like me. Have a chair, will you?" and Roderick hospitably swept a pile of papers from the single little chair his stuffy little office contained.

"Thanks," said Polly, demurely. "It grieves me to see"—with a severe bending of her pretty brow—"that you are not quite so comfortably domiciled as you have led your friends to believe. Indeed, I fail to observe the costly state, or the curtailed recess which hid a painter's masterpiece, or the bric-a-brac which adorned your special sanctum, or the gardeners of exotics—or—"

"Oh, come, now, don't be hard on a fellow if he tried to cheat the world a little with his optimism, but I found a parallel for every parable."

"Parable is a very mild expression," put in Miss Polly. "I call it lies."

"The Bible name sounds better," he suggested, mildly, "and more appropriate, besides. I can illustrate every assertion. For instance"—he pulled aside the curtain before his window—"this is the curtained recess, unembellished, I admit, but there is a snug ledge here, from I look down upon my costly statue; there it is—old Ben Franklin, shedding his benign presence over that dingy square. Is he not as much mine as he is yours or Mr. Smith's next door? That's the sociological light to view it in; and painter's masterpiece is a little further on, but visible to the naked eye. The shimmer of the bay is exquisite in the sunlight and on dull and murky days it is Corot at his best; it might be a Turner just now, it is such a brilliant dash of color. And the bric-a-brac, I assure you, Miss Polly, that broken-necked Jano on the shelf just over your head is a marvel of the rare unique."

"And the exotics," murmured Polly, "how can you account for them?"

"My greatest treasure!" he announced, pushing a single flower pot in view. "This is a spring of rose geranium that a certain young lady dropped from her hair last Christmas at the Carringtons' ball. Are you satisfied?"

"No. All those half-truths are worse than lies"—with a queer little catch in her voice, then with a sudden change—"Roderick!"

"Well?"

"I've come to eat my lunch with you; it's dreadfully improper, I know, but (maliciously), 'my little office was so small that I sighed for more spacious quarters. Are you sure your clients will not interrupt us?"

"I think I may assure you safety on that score."

"Very well, then, I shall spread the feast," cried Miss Polly, springing up and grasping a flat black bag, which had nestled unnoticed in her lap. "Remove your ink and quills from your desk into the recess, also the legal cap and those heavy tomes of jurisprudence and 'The Heavenly Twins,' with withering scorn. 'Is that the way you spend your time, Roderick?"

"Only in my leisure moments," he pleaded.

"Do you know," said Miss Polly, "I've been thinking it over calmly and I've come to the conclusion that progress and poverty don't pull together at all. Theoretically it's all very well to strain a point and say they do, but coming down to facts, with a smart thump of her closed fist on the desk, 'it doesn't work. The grindstone of poverty has no more in common with the giant strides of progress than—"

"You with me," suggested Roderick.

She sent a reproachful glance across the desk to where he sat in the recess.

"Can't you be impersonal for just two minutes?" she asked. "I like to generalize widely of the mark and narrow down gradually and logically to my objective point. It is such a mistake

to think that all women jump at conclusions. The new woman is above such things."

"You must be the very newest thing in women," he said, in an emphatic tone of approval.

She shook her head. "No, we haven't reached the superlative yet."

"We! Then you are one in the ranks?"

"Certainly," cried Polly, looking distinctly offended. "You don't suppose I have come here for nothing?"

"I thought—I flattered myself that the pleasure of my society had something to do with it."

"Nonsense!" She flushed up to the roots of her pretty hair. "Don't be foolish, Roderick. I came here with a purpose; do be serious."

"I am," he reassured her, "perfectly; now to the purpose."

"Oh, well," biting into another sweet biscuit, "let us discuss things first."

"What things?"

"How provoking you are! Why, progress and poverty if nothing better suggests itself; we'll get the point somehow."

"The first point you spoke of?" questioned Roderick.

"Yes."

"Well, then, fire away."

"Thanks; your elegant invitation puts me quite at my ease. I will fire away. You see, Roderick, poverty is relative, as most things are, of course; the absence of money means the absence of so much more, not only the material necessities of existence, but the finer fibres of the soul and mind, which crave—not luxury—but careful and judicious nourishment. Can you follow my flight?"

"You soar high; it is hard work."

"Keep up as best you can—I am coming to—"

"The point?"

"Presently; have patience. The handful of very rich do a vast deal for the great army of the very poor, although they don't get half enough credit for it, but that kind of universal beggary is not the sort I mean. It is the genteel poverty that is the bitter foe to progress. Too proud to beg too honest to steal—its votaries stand apart in dumb suffering and fail to grasp the remedy."

He smiled at her eagerness; it was a bitter, rather hopeless smile.

"Are you the discoverer of the promised land for such hapless mortals?"

"There is no promised land unless we go in a body and seek it. If our class of poor were only kinder to one another, more confiding and less suspicious in their intercourse, if they would only stand shoulder to shoulder—why, what an army of workers we should be!"

"Chimero, Miss Polly, we can't set the world revolving the other way, else the delinquent clients would step backward into my anxious clutches."

Polly opened her eyes.

"Why, I thought your creed was optimism!"

"Well, it is, with reservations. I don't believe in fairy tales, however, even though told by the most bewitching of fairies."

"Roderick, I wish you wouldn't talk that way; it hurts."

"I beg your pardon."

"And sakes my resolution to say what I have come to say. You wouldn't have me go away without that, would you?"

"Not for worlds."

But Miss Polly seemed suddenly to have lost her tongue. She sat staring at Roderick's "masterpiece"—a gorgeous bit of turquoise blue dotted with whitewinged sailboats.

"Pride is a very selfish thing," she remarked at length, apropos of nothing.

"That depends," said Roderick.

"It has done a great deal of mischief," insisted Polly.

"Only in the sense that one can have too much of a good thing sometimes."

"Yet proud people are not often happy."

He reflected gravely; "I give you the inside track of the argument there."

"Roderick, I am afraid you are proud."

"Perhaps."

"And unhappy."

"Not now."

Miss Polly changed her tack.

"Don't you think if people want something very much they should ask for it—if it is so within the bounds of reserve?"

"Asking and getting are two very different things. It's well worth risking, I should say."

And—suppose—for the sake of argument—that there were two people—a man and a woman—of the genteel poor class who want something, say, for instance, each other more than anything else in the world. She stopped a little, a scared look in her wistful eyes but he was silent, so she went on.

"Suppose the man's pride stood up like a gaunt, grim ghost and said: 'No, you cannot marry this woman. You must let your youth drag on in unloved loneliness because you are struggling and poor. You must have no one to help you—it would be unmanly.' Suppose this were really so, would it be right for the woman to suffer and be silent?"

He was forced to answer her.

"That would be her only course," he said slowly.

"That may be your 'old woman' with the meek brow and head bowed to adversity's blast. We new ones know better. We are not going to let our chance of happiness slip through our fingers for a mere form—Roderick, do you hear me?" There was low intensity in her tone.

He had risen and turned away from her; his broad figure shut out the view.

"Roderick," she entreated, "won't you speak to me?"

Still there was no answer.

"Roderick," with a queer break in her voice, "don't you love me, after all?"

Her face had grown suddenly colorless; her lips trembled and she was obliged to bite hard on a biscuit to keep back the tears of mortification. The new woman was making a hazardous experiment.

He wheeled around and looked at her defiantly.

"Well, suppose I do—what then?"

But he reckoned without his host. Such an admission set Miss Polly on her feet again. She laid down her biscuit and, leaning both elbows on the desk, nodded across at him with a determined air.

"Roderick, will you marry me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have only a woman's reason—I won't. Let us talk about something else."

She rose and came around to him so swiftly that he could not escape her. She stood beside him with her two hands held out in supplication.

"Jack Penrose is coming in here, Polly—for heaven's sake, go—"

"Not until you say yes," said Polly, seeing her advantage and holding it with all her feminine will.

"Polly, I implore—"

"Then say it," cried Miss Polly, laughing hysterically.

It is now two years since Roderick married the new woman, and the newest woman lies cooing in her cradle.—Chicago News.

How It Feels to Be Wounded in Battle.

"You have been wounded several times, General. How does it feel to be shot?" asked a reporter for the *Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph* of General Miles.

"That depends upon where the ball strikes you," replied General Miles. "If it passes through the fleshy part of the body without hitting the bone, it is a half mile away before you realize that you are shot. If it meets with resistance, however, you get the full force of the bullet, and it strikes you like a sledge hammer. I was shot in the neck. The ball cut along the side of my throat, under my ear, and passed on. At Chancellorsville a ball struck my waist-belt plate and then, deflecting, went into the body. The blow paralyzed me. I could not move for weeks, from my waist downward, and every one thought I would die. I was taken home to Massachusetts, and after a few days I surprised the doctors by moving my right foot. They took this for a sign that the ball was in the opposite side of the body, and probed for it, laying the bone of my hip bare. They found the bone broken and took out nine pieces, leaving one, which they failed to find. They found the bullet several inches further down than those pieces of broken bone. At another time I was wounded in the shoulder by the half of a bullet. I was holding my sword up to my shoulder when the bullet struck the edge of the blade and was cut in two, one-half of the bullet flying on and the other going into my shoulder. At another time I was wounded in the foot, the ball striking a Mexican spur that I was wearing and going off into my foot. By the way, I think I have the spur." Here the General opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a big Mexican spur, which was broken on one side. The break was caused by the bullet striking the spur.

The Remora or Sucking Fish.

A striped remora, or sucking fish, was found recently attached to the bottom of one of the steam launches which run around Glen Island, says the *New York Sun*. It was transferred to one of the large tanks of the Glen Island aquarium. The fish, though not rare, is a deep sea fish, and is hard to capture. It grows to the length of twelve to eighteen inches. The flat top of its head is surmounted by a large sucking disk extending from near the tip of the upper jaw to the ends of the pectoral fins, or about one-third of the total length of the fish. The disk is made up of seventeen or eighteen pairs of bony laminae, the edges of which are furnished with rows of minute tooth-like projections. With this disk the fish attaches itself to a shark, a turtle or some other larger fish, and in this manner drags through the water without the exertion of swimming. Occasionally it will release its hold long enough to swim off and get something to eat, but immediately returns to refasten itself.

The South American Indians make use of this instinct of the fish to catch sea turtles. They fasten a ring around the remora's tail to which they attach a long line. The fish is then taken to sea, and when a large turtle is sighted the remora is thrown overboard. It unerringly swims to the turtle and makes fast. The line is then drawn in, and soon both turtle and remora are in the boat. It is necessary, however, to wait until the fish feels inclined to let go, for it is impossible to detach it from the object by force without injury.

Photographing Flying Insects.

The French artists appear to have got the art of photography down to a much finer basis than those of America and England. They were first to photograph flying bullets, race horses in motion and other rapidly moving objects. The latest triumph reported from Paris is a photograph of a flying dragon fly by M. Marey, in which the exposure was but 1-25,000th part of a second. By the aid of a small electric lamp inside the mouth of an assistant Marey also claims to have photographed the moving globules of blood circulating in the veins, and to have detected a difference in the motion of the colored and colorless corpuscles.

THE NEWS.

Advices to the Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco state that the British steamer *Mineral*, at Zoritas, laden with coal for San Francisco, has been burned, and is a total loss. W. B. Thompson, president Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Urbicville, O., filed a deed of assignment. It is said depositors will not lose a cent.—Tom Maher shot and mortally wounded Miss Maude Fessler, at a dance in Nebraska City, Neb.—Albert Applegate was murdered in his cornfield, near Wilsonville, Neb.—The New York and Buffalo express was partially wrecked at Pittston, Pa. The passengers were shaken up but nobody was hurt.—The steamer *Puritan* was ashore in the fog off Great Gull Island, Long Island Sound.—Edward Marrs was put on trial in Huntington, W. Va., on the charge of murdering his eight-year-old daughter.—William Hall, a Pennsylvania oil operator, committed suicide in Parkersburg, W. Va.—Dalhousie, accused of killing Samuel Doorn in Staunton, Va., was acquitted.—Mrs. Rebecca T. Barnham and Miss Susie Sherman, who were missing from Dighton, Mass., for a year, were found in Nashua, N. H.—An anti-lynching provision was adopted by the South Carolina Constitutional Convention.—A big pool is said to have been arranged to control all the traffic between Chicago and the seaboard.—The Chicago tourists to the Atlanta Exposition were entertained in Nashville, Tenn.—Tadman & Mickman's morocco factory in Wilmington, Del., was burned.—Hill's cold storage warehouse on William street, in Montreal, caught fire. The damages were mostly caused by water, and amounted to between \$50,000 and \$100,000.—Henry H. Kingston was appointed general traffic manager of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, to take the place of John Taylor, who recently died.—J. W. Cadman, who shot himself several days ago in Chicago, died at the county hospital from the effects of the bullet wound in his head. He was Indian agent in South Dakota, and was a relative of President Cleveland's wife.—Freight No. 28, on the Kentucky Central division of the Louisville and Nashville Railway was wrecked by an open switch at Morningview, seventeen miles from Cincinnati.—The venerable Judge Allen G. Thurman fell in his library at his home in Columbus, Ohio, and seriously injured his hip.—The missing lake steamer *Mission*, with a crew of seventeen men, has been given up for lost. She was owned by Captain Thomas Wilson, of Cleveland, valued at \$80,000.—Bernard Arena, thirty-six years old, of South Boston, while painting a smokestack, accidentally touched an electric wire, and was instantly killed.—Burling Kitchen, aged seventeen years, of Newhope, Pa., was shot and accidentally killed on a gunning trip.—Theodore Durant was brought up for sentence in the San Francisco court, but the judge granted a continuance until November 22.—Chauncey Depew made a speech on "The Wealth and Power of this Country" at a dinner given in his honor at Buffalo.—W. E. G. Gilkinson, seventy years old, a lawyer of Charleston, W. Va., committed suicide by drowning in the Kanawha River.—The taking of evidence in the Addicks divorce case in Wilmington was concluded.—At Columbus, O., the reorganized Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking Railroad Company elected N. Monsarrat president; W. E. Guerin, vice president and general counsel; G. C. Hoover, treasurer; H. D. Turney, secretary.—The American Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance began its annual convention at Lancaster, Pa.—A receiver was appointed for the Bank of North America of New Orleans.—Linford Overpeck and his son William, of Broadheadville, Pa., were suffocated in a lime kiln about five miles from their home. They worked at the kiln, and not returning home at their usual hour, search was made and their bodies found.—The money order department of the postoffice at Chicago paid out \$105,000, the largest amount ever paid out in one day.—It was reported at Cleveland that the Erie Railroad has been sold and will be reorganized.—Snow and rain fell throughout Nebraska, and the farmers think the wet weather is in time to save the fall seeding.—Frank Cross was convicted of the murder of his sister, Mrs. Cameron Taylor, at Ellenboro, W. Va., and sentenced to imprisonment for life.—More than thirty dead bodies were taken out of the wrecked Journal building in Detroit, and the total number of victims will probably be 40.—Revs. Fitzgerald and Murphy, the Nebraska Catholic priests leading the faction which had trouble with Bishop Bonacum, bitterly attacked Dr. Rooker, secretary of the apostolic delegation, in a letter to the editor of the *Omaha Bee*.—C. T. Householder, a letter carrier of Harrisburg, Pa., was arrested for stealing a registered letter.

A party of miners from the headwaters of the Yukon River arrived at Port Townsend, Wash., and reported that the Canadian government is establishing well-equipped fortifications on commanding bluffs overlooking strategic points on Forty-Mile Creek and elsewhere along the supposed international boundary line.—The steamer *Coe Peters*, plying between Memphis, Tenn., and Vicksburg, sunk at Island 63, one hundred and twenty miles below Memphis, while on her way down to Vicksburg with a cargo of about one hundred and twenty tons of miscellaneous freight.—Rev. William E. Hinshaw, convicted at Danville, Ind., of the murder of his wife, was denied a new trial, and will be sentenced to life imprisonment.—Three little children playing on a sidewalk in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., were knocked down by a runaway team. Emma Janke, aged three years, was killed, and seven-year-old Aldred Lemka was badly injured.—Simpson's cotton mill, erected sixty-five years ago at Norristown, Pa., and owned by Dean & Mitchell, was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$60,000, covered by insurance.—Ed Sanford, George Morgan and a man named Booker were arrested in Omaha, Neb., on the charge of outraging and murdering Ida Gaskins, a girl eleven years old.

New German Process of Paving.

United States Consul Monaghan, at Chemnitz, in a report to the State Department, described a new process of paving roads, which is being practiced with marked success in Germany. In brief, it consists in using stone blocks, faced only on one side, embedded in Portland cement and gravel, so as to afford perfectly square blocks, which are made in molds.

BIG EXPLOSION.

Twelve Persons Killed in the Detroit Journal Building.

MANY OTHERS BADLY HURT.

The Building Partly Demolished and the Ruins in Flames—Smoke and Fire Impede the work of Rescue—Many Narrow Escapes.

The boilers in the Detroit Journal building corner of Larned and Shelby streets, exploded with terrific force at 9 o'clock in the morning. A portion of the building about forty feet wide immediately collapsed. It is thought there were forty or fifty persons in the wrecked portion of the building. Shortly after 9 o'clock the ruins broke out in flames, and the great clouds of stifling smoke seriously impeded the firemen in their work of rescue.

The rescuers worked all day on the mass of ruins, which they were first compelled to drench with water. Twelve dead bodies were rescued. Thirteen persons were badly injured. Some thirty persons are still missing.

The portion of the building directly above the boilers on the first floor, was occupied by the Journal's mailing department. About five men and boys were there at work.

In the second-story was George Hillers bookbindery, in which a couple of men and about a score of girls were there employed.

In the third-story was the Hahlin Electrotype Foundry, in which there were some half dozen men.

In the top story was the Journal's stereotyping department, where Michael Ward, Arthur Lynch and James Ross were at work. They went down in the wreck.

The John Davis Company, grocers' sundries, occupied the ground floor and basement of one end of the building. The firm's list of employees is not large, but it is doubtful whether all escaped. The gap in the building extends through about half of the Davis establishment.

The members of the Journal's editorial staff on the fourth floor all escaped.

About fifteen minutes after the explosion those standing at the east side of the wreck in the building saw a movement in the rubbish. A hand appeared, followed by an arm, and helpers ran to the rescue. A moment later John M. Winter, an employee of John Davis, spice and mustard mills, was dragged out.

Albert Lynch, one of the Journal's stereotypers, was removed unconscious, but not seriously hurt. Several others were later rescued, but with slight injuries.

H. C. Kohlbrand, owner of the Kohlbrand Engraving Company, whose rooms were on the third floor, said at 11 o'clock that two boys, each about sixteen years old, who worked for him and were in the building. They were John Downen and Henry Welch. A body supposed to be that of William Dunlop was dragged out about the same time. He ran a small machine shop in the building, his business being repairing of type-setting machines.

The cause of the explosion is a mystery. Thomas Thompson, the engineer, came out of the wreck painfully injured. His clothes were all torn off and blood was running from a score of cuts. He said he knew no reason for the explosion, and was too excited to talk coherently.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAIMED.

The President Appoints November 28 as the Day of Praise.

President Cleveland has just issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 28, as Thanksgiving Day. The proclamation follows:—

"The constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God which have been vouchsafed to the American people during the year which is just past call for their sincere acknowledgement and devout gratitude. To the end therefore that we may with thankful hearts unite in extolling the loving care of our Heavenly Father, I Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer; to be kept and observed by all our people. On that day let us forego our usual occupations, and in our accustomed places of worship join in rendering thanks to the giver of every good and perfect gift for the bounteous returns that have rewarded our labors in the fields and in the busy marts of trade, for the peace and order that have prevailed throughout the land, for our protection from pestilence and dire calamity and for the other blessings that have been showered upon us from an open hand. And, with our thanksgiving, let us humbly beseech the Lord to so incline the hearts of our people unto Him that he will not leave us nor forsake us as a nation, but will continue to use his mercy and protecting care, guiding us in the path of national prosperity and happiness, and keeping alive within us a patriotic love for the free institutions which have been given to us as our national heritage."

"And, let us also on the day of our thanksgiving especially remember the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let us show the sincerity of our gratitude."

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed."

"Done at the City of Washington this Fourth Day of November in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five and in the one hundred and twentieth year of the Independence of the United States."

(Signed) "GROVER CLEVELAND,"
"By the President," RICHARD OLNEY,
"Secretary of State."

The ambassadors of the powers, waited upon the Porte and declared that unless immediate and adequate measures be taken for the restoration of order the powers, acting in concert, would take their own steps in the matter.

VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA.

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

In the quiet hours of the early morning Lynchburg lost one of her largest and most successful enterprises, the furniture factory of the Woodson-Johnson Company in West Lynchburg. The fire started about 3.30 o'clock in the machine shop at the lower end of the big building and worked its way over the entire plant without interruption. Mr. Henry P. Woodson, the President of the Company, was at the Norvell-Arlington Hotel sitting up waiting for a train to take him North on business when he noticed the red light in the western sky. He lost no time in going to the fire department, and Chief Thurman soon had firemen and apparatus on the scene, but as there was no water and the fire had made so much headway that nothing could be done. The main building, the outbuildings, kiln, thousands of feet of the lumber, a portion of the railroad and several cars were consumed before the fire stopped. In fact the big plant was entirely wiped out, and only the books and a few articles were saved. The factory was fully stocked, and there was a big lot of furniture on hand and in process of manufacture. The loss is estimated at over \$100,000, and there is only \$32,000 insurance. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin as there was no fire in that portion of the building when it was closed in the evening. About one hundred men are thrown out of employment by the fire. The plant had just started on the road to prosperity, finding a ready market for all the furniture it turned out, and was in full operation. It is a sad blow to the city, and especially that section, for if the plant is started up at all the chances are that it will be located where it will have fire protection. The factory had been fitted up with fire apparatus, hose, etc., but all was dependent on the engine, and that could not be used.

W. A. Sparger, proprietor of the Bristol Cotton Mills, made an assignment of his property to Benj. J. Dulaney and John H. Caldwell. Assets unknown, but cover liabilities, which will amount to probably \$35,000.

Mr. Sparger is one of the best business men in the State but, owing to ill-health, was forced to place his affairs in the hands of assignees.

Insurance companies are offering rewards for fire fiends at the Big Stone Gap. Three or four fires have occurred there in the last few weeks. Citizens of the Gap are patrolling the town at night, hoping to catch the offenders.

At Eagle, Ervin Hostetly and Bettie Shields, who have been lovers for some time, fell out on account of Hostetly's jealousy toward the woman. She was seen with another man the day before, and he demanded an explanation, which was given, but which did not suit him. Hostetly pulled his revolver and fired at the girl, the bullet cutting the skin on her neck. Bettie pulled her pistol, and then followed a street duel in which the woman shot three times at the man, each bullet taking effect. She came out of the fight all right, but Hostetly is in a serious condition. She is under arrest to await the results of the man's wounds.

While Mrs. Neal McIntosh was at the spring for a bucket of water, at Quinimont, thieves entered the bedroom of her residence and ripped the bed tick open and stole \$1,001, which she and her husband had saved. Mr. McIntosh is a miner.

The faculty of the University of Virginia have determined to recommend to the board of visitors that the rotunda be rebuilt so as to appear externally just as Jefferson left it, except that another portico be added. Externally the arrangements will be such that the building can be turned into a library. There will be, it is designed, separate buildings for the law department and for the mechanical and physical laboratories. There will also be a large building to contain a public hall and several rooms, and all the buildings will be fireproof.

An agent is traveling through the State selling a dozen cakes of soap for \$1 and promising fifty-eight pieces of chinaware as a premium, which he never delivers.

The town of Davis paid its firemen for fighting fire at the rate of twenty-five cents per hour.

Fully \$150,000 have been invested in new buildings at Gratton the past year.

The Grand Lodge of West Virginia, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, will convene in annual session at Morgantown November 20, which time the new Odd Fellows' Hall in that city will be dedicated.

The Thompson Oil and Gas Company has been chartered at Fairmont, with capital of \$100,000. The incorporators are Messrs. John W. Mason, B. F. Larnage, Smith Hood, Sr., S. C. Powell and L. N. Lough, all of Fairmont.

The Gratton Oil and Gas Company was incorporated, with principal office at Gratton. Hon. John T. McGraw and others are the incorporators.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A St. Louis express on the Chicago and Alton Railroad ran into an open switch at Braidwood, Illinois, and was wrecked. William House, fireman, was killed.

A Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train was wrecked between Dallas and Hillsboro. Engineer Mike Murphy was killed outright and 22 passengers injured.

W. D. Morange, an old and well-known Albany politician, fell down the elevator shaft of the *Argus* building in that city and sustained injuries of which he died half an hour later.

A battery of boilers in the building of the *Evening Journal*, in Detroit, exploded, wrecking two buildings, killing at least 40 persons, wounding 20 others, and causing a money loss of \$60,000.

Fourteen bodies were recovered from the ruins of the buildings in Detroit, which were wrecked by the boiler explosion, making 32 in all thus far. The cause of the disaster has been determined to have been low water.

A passenger train on the Boston and Maine Railroad ran into a shifting engine at Edgewood, Massachusetts, and was wrecked. John Flarity, a brakeman, was killed, and the trainmen and passengers were injured.

The "Katy" flyer, northbound, for St. Louis, and the Santa Fe limited, southbound, from St. Louis, plunged into each other at right angles, at the crossing of the two roads, in Dallas, Texas. The trainmen jumped from their engines and were not injured.

KILLED IN A WRECK

Pittsburg and Cincinnati Express Jumps the Track.

WOMEN AND A BABY KILLED

An Express Train on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Jumps the Track and Plunges Over a High Embankment.

The worst railroad wreck in the immediate vicinity of Wheeling, W. Va., for many years occurred at Elm Grove, five miles east on the Pittsburg division of the Baltimore and Ohio road.

The Pittsburg-Cincinnati express, commonly known as the cannon-ball, jumped the track on a bridge over Wheeling Creek, owing to a broken flange on the wheel of the smoking car. The engine, tender and baggage-car kept the track, while the mail car, smoker and Pullman parlor car went over a bank about 15 feet high. The mail coach turned completely over and the other two lay on their sides. The cars were completely demolished, seeming to have been thrown some distance through the air.

So far only two deaths have happened. A woman, thought to be Mrs. Miranda Hare, of Kittinging, Pa., but not positively identified owing to the way she was disfigured, jumped from the car and was instantly killed.

The 8-month-old baby of Lawrence Bartley, of Pittsburgh, was sitting on its father's lap when the accident occurred. It was so badly injured that it died in a few minutes, while neither the father nor mother was hurt. They were coming to Wheeling to attend the funeral of a relative.

The exact number of injured is hard to get reliably. Nine were taken to the City Hospital and three to the Wheeling hospital. Ten or a dozen surgeons and the wrecking crew were summoned at once.

Not less than 10,000 people visited the scene of the wreck, the Wheeling and Elm Grove Railroad running special excursion trains, all crowded. Of those who were hurt several will die.

DEATH OF EUGENE FIELD.

The Poet Suddenly Expires in His Bed—A Clot on the Heart.

Eugene Field, the poet and journalist, died in his bed, about 5 A. M., at his home, Buena Park, a suburb of Chicago.

For some days Mr. Field had been ailing, but it was supposed he was suffering from his usual stomach troubles and no serious turn was anticipated. Dr. Frank Rielly, who was summoned, pronounced the death to have been caused by the formation of a clot of blood in the heart.

Although Mr. Field was feeling so ill that he telegraphed to Kansas City canceling an engagement which he had made to read there, he sat up until a late hour chatting with Mr. Geo. H. Yonovine, of the Milwaukee Illustrated News. Mr. Yonovine was to have accompanied him to Kansas City, and had come from Milwaukee for that purpose. Mr. Field was very cheerful and, and the two sat up until a late hour discussing future plans. Shortly before midnight Mr. Field sent a telegram to Kansas City saying that he would be able to come later in the week.

Upon going to bed Mr. Field did not complain, but during the night Fred Field, his fourteen-year-old son, heard his father groaning in his sleep. The lad thought nothing of this, until near morning the sleeping man groaned more heavily than before and then became perfectly still and quiet.

When the family reached the bedside they found Mr. Field dead. The body was lying in an easy, natural position, still warm, and a peaceful expression on his face gave him the appearance of having dropped into slumber.

A HISTORIC LETTER.

Washington Accused Other Generals of Plotting Against Him.

A very interesting meeting of the Columbian Historical Society was held at the residence of Dr. Toner, in Washington. Among those present were Rev. Dr. Sunderland, Rev. Dr. Dewitt Talmage and Librarian Spofford.

A letter from George Washington, hitherto unpublished, was read by Mr. Morgan. The letter was written from Valley Forge to Col. John Fitzgerald, of Alexandria, February 28, 1778. General Washington writes in very uncompromising terms of General G—, supposed to be Gates, General M—, Mifflin, and General C—, Conway. These men he accused of having conspired to depose him from the command of the army and refers to them as a junta.

The paper is regarded as a valuable contribution to the letters of General Washington.

Mr. M. I. Weller read a paper on Capt. Henry Foote.

MORE TROOPS FOR CUBA.

Thousands of Additional Soldiers Will Be Sent From Spain.

The Spanish papers state that 35,000 troops will be sent to Cuba forthwith and additional reinforcements will be sent as required. Reports received in Madrid are to the effect that the insurgents continue to burn villages and plantations and to attempt to dynamite the railroads.

HAYANA.—Brigadier-General Oliver had an encounter with the insurgents at the plantation of San Augustin. The insurgent lieutenant, Vergara, and three more were killed, and of the troops four were wounded.

Colonel Zubia, at the head of 500 troops, took the insurgent camp at Mount Aguajay, district of Remedios, after an engagement in which the insurgents are said to have suffered a numerous loss. The troops had five wounded.

Dr. Koch, the famous German financier, and president of the German Imperial Bank, celebrated a few years ago the 25th anniversary of his connection with that institution.